

beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.

Let the world, however, regard God's dealing with them as they may: let not "the children" despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when they are rebuked of him. They at least should know the meaning of his acting towards them, for they know HIMSELF. The world may misunderstand his rebukes, or put an unkind construction upon them; they cannot, for they know that "God is love."

The thoughts that follow are designed to assist them in interpreting God's ways;—not merely in finding comfort under trial, but in drawing profit from it. I have at least attempted to contribute something towards this end. I have done what I could, rather than what I would. But it may be that the Head of the family will own it, and send it with his own blessing to the scattered members near and far. He knows that they need some such words in season; and that, if thickening signs deceive not, they will ere long need them more. In such a case even this little volume may be helpful.

It is written in much weakness, and with many sins to mar it: amid what trials, it is of little moment for a stranger to learn. It is written by one who is seeking himself to profit by trial, and trembles lest it should pass by as the wind over the rock, leaving it as hard as ever; by one who would fain in every sorrow draw near to God, that he may know him more, and who is not unwilling to confess that as yet he knows but little.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Some fifty years since a meeting was held in Charleston, to make arrangements for a library for some public association; and each member was allowed to name a book to be purchased. When the celebrated Mr. Pinckney was called on to make his proposal, he rose and named "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." This was received with a loud laugh from all parts of the room; "laugh as you may," said the great orator, "that is one of the most remarkable works the world ever possessed." Well, and truly said! and had the empty-headed sneerers lived to behold the magnificent edition in velvet and gold, of that immortal work which now lies before me, they would have perceived that others besides the Southern orator cherished the tinker of Elstow's book.

With all the "faith of authorship," which most authors are said to feel, and with all the abiding faith in the everlasting nature of truth, which all the utterers of great truths must feel, we cannot but suppose that Bunyan felt many misgivings as to the fate of the little book over which he had wept and prayed for so many years. In less than ten years after its publication, it had gone through many editions. Before a century had gone by, it had become a household book with all the English peasantry—it had been read and admired by wits and lords, and scholars, and even the most fastidious critic of the age, Dr. Johnson, had pronounced it "one of the few books which he wished was longer." Two centuries are not yet passed away, and in a country which Bunyan knew only as a trifling colony, his book lies on the table of ten thousand drawing-rooms; and is adorned with velvet and gold, and illustrated with beautiful pictures.

I wish there had been some Boswell to note down his prison conversations, and to tell us of his going out and coming in before the congregation of Bedford; and above all, that there had been some one with the pen of a ready writer among the crowd, that used to throng his conventicle, even sometimes "as early as seven o'clock on a winter's morning." We have to imagine him to ourselves as he stood up to preach, with his brawny form, and ruddy face, with his sharp twinkling eyes, broad forehead, and large mouth, with the tuft about it which his biographer says "he wore after the old British fashion." His dress, as became John Bunyan, was plain. His manner must have been vehement and earnest; and from the short snatches of preaching which are found in "Grace Abounding" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," we can form some idea of what his sermons were. He went to the pulpit, as he tells us, "in chains; to preach to the people in chains;" and he carried that fire in his own conscience that he persuaded them to be aware of. In the midst of his great popularity he maintained a remarkable humility. One day when he had been preaching with considerable warmth and enlargement, he was met by one of his con-

gregation, who complimented him upon the excellence of his discourse. "O," replied the preacher, "you need not have told me so; the devil reminded me of that before I came out of the pulpit."

Bunyan was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his tomb is often visited to this day. Not long ago a funeral took place there, which was attended among others by the Rev. Dr. Maginn, for a long time one of the most brilliant writers for Blackwood's Magazine. As soon as the ceremony was over, the doctor said to the sexton, "grave-digger, show me the tomb of John Bunyan." The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who seemed deeply thoughtful. As they approached the place, the doctor stopped, and touching him on the shoulder, said, "tread lightly." Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, deeply affected, and at length exclaimed, in solemn tones, as he turned away, "sleep on! thou prince of dreamers." "The dreamer" had lain there one hundred and fifty years, but no lapse of time has destroyed the spell which he still holds over the strongest minds.—*Christian Alliance.*

A DUELLIST'S DEATH-BED.

I was once in early youth, called to stand beside the bed of a dying sinner, and I think I never shall forget the impression made on my mind at that time. A no sufferer was a young medical student, the son of a rich planter in the south. Previous to his leaving home, he had encountered his cousin in a duel and killed him; for which his father banished him from his house, and pronounced upon him his paternal malediction. And even though he had been informed that his son could never arise from his bed of suffering to which he was confined, even though his son had besought him with his wasting breath for forgiveness, yet this inhuman brute of a father still withheld it; though after death, he could gild his coffin and bodeck his grave.

I entered the room of the dying man with a religious friend who had called to pray with him, and who in walking up to the bed, asked him if he wished him to do so, the patient answered him "yes," and then turning his dark piercing eyes upon me, added, in a sepulchral voice, "have you come to pray for me too, little boy?" We knelt down beside his bed and prayed. During the prayer he was calm and still, except when some deep groan or heart-rending sigh would break from his bosom. After prayer the agony of his feelings, operating in unison with the weakness of his body, produced insanity; and it was truly agonizing to hear and see his wild gesticulations and laughter, as horrible and unearthly as would be produced from a revel in some dark and dreary charnel house. He sprung up in his bed, his eye fiercely gleaming, his hair thrown back from his pale and haggard brow, and seizing his pistols, he cocked and snapped them at some imaginary object. Then giving vent to one long and loud peal of laughter, he dashed them down, and pointing to the spot at which he had aimed, exclaimed, "There! there! there! don't you see him upon the grass? See! see! the blood how it pours from his breast. O God! O God! I've killed him! Father, forgive me! forgive, dear, dear, father, forgive me!" And then, as his mind still wandered, he would grasp his violin, and play some lively tune. Then again, dashing it on the bed, he would exclaim, "I must die! I must die! O forgive me, father! I'm dying!"

Ere long his eyes grew dim, his lips quivered, and giving one long, hollow groan, he sank into the gloomy twilight of life's last eve.—*Family Visitor.*

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The following is a most remarkable and praise-worthy instance of what perseverance and industry, rightly directed, are able to effect:—Among the graduating class at the commencement last week, at Williams' College, was one by the name of Condit, from Jersey. This gentleman is a shoe-maker, is married, and has a family of four children. Six years ago, becoming sensible of the blessings of an education, he commenced learning the simple branches, such as are taught in our primary schools. One by one, as he sat on his shoe-maker's bench, he mastered grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c., with some occasional assistance from his fellow workmen. At this time he determined to obtain a collegiate education. With-